

CHRISTIAN CHRONICLE.

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FROM THE LUMINARY.

BIOGRAPHY.

Rev. John Sutcliff, A. M. of Olney.

In our last we presented to our readers the outline of the life of the excellent Fuller.—In missionary exertion Mr. Sutcliff was his faithful, affectionate, and zealous associate.—We had thought of drawing the outlines of the character of this valuable servant of Jesus Christ; but on a re-perusal of the sermon of Dr. Fuller on his death, we are persuaded we cannot edify or entertain our readers better than by making extracts from that judicious and pathetic publication. The sermon, entitled “The Principles and Prospects of a Servant of Christ,” was delivered June 28, 1814, from the passage which Mr. S. had himself selected, in Jude, 20, 21. “But ye, beloved, building keep up yourselves on your holy faith, praying in the Holy Ghost, keep yourselves in the love of God, looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life.”

Discoursing on the subject—
Dr. F.

I. Offers “*A few remarks on the principles which are suggested to us as constituting true Religion.*” These are

1st. “True evangelical religion is here represented as a building, the foundation of which is laid in the faith of Christ.”

2d. “That religion which has its foundation in the faith of Christ, will increase by praying in the Holy Ghost.”

3d. “By means of building on our most holy faith and praying in the Holy Ghost, we “keep ourselves in the love of God.” The love of God is here to be understood, not of his love to us, but ours to him; as when our Lord told the unbelieving Jews that they had not *the love of God* in them.”

4th. “When we have done all, in looking for eternal life we must keep our eye singly and solely on the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ.”

II. Exhibits “*The prospects which these principles furnish as to a blessed hereafter.*” These embrace

—“an immediate reception into the presence of God and the spirits of just men made perfect.”

—probably a joyous view of “the glorious progress of Christ’s kingdom in this world.”

—other streams of mercy for which we are directed to look, consist in “the dead being raised and the living changed,” together with “the last judgment.”

“After this nothing remains, but that *eternal life* into which, as into an ocean, all these streams of mercy flow.”

The sermon is able, tender and impressive. We are not

disposed to offer criticism on its contents, and if we were, the present article is not the place. The subsequent extracts delineate the life of the amiable Sutcliff.

I am aware that some great and good men have imposed silence on the occasion. Without impeaching their motives, I take the liberty to differ from them. It is true, that for sinful creatures, as we all are, to heap encomiums on one another, is vain and sinful: yet we may err on the other hand, by concealing what the grace of God has done for us. In this view one may on occasion speak of himself, as did the apostle Paul; and if so, why not of another? David did not withhold a tribute of affection to the memory of his brother Jonathan. Nor did Luke conceal the fruits of faith and love which had appeared in Dorcas. She might have left an injunction that nothing should be said of her: but the widows *must* weep, and show the garments which she had made for the poor in her life time. It is not for us to suppress the feelings of nature, and still less those of grace.

Our deceased brother was born near Halifax in Yorkshire, on the 9th of Aug. 1752, O. S. His parents were both of them pious characters, and remarkable for their strict attention to the instruction and government of their children. Of course he would be taught the good and the right way from his child-

hood. It does not appear, however, that he was "made wise unto salvation through faith in Christ Jesus," till about the sixteenth or seventeenth year of his age. This was under the ministry of his revered friend and father Mr. John Fawcett, pastor of the church meeting at Hepden Bridge. Of this church he became a member on May the 28th, 1769. Being of a serious and studious turn of mind, he appeared to his friends to possess gifts suited to the ministry, and which was proposed to his consideration. The proposal met with his own wishes, and being desirous of obtaining all the instruction he could, he went in January, 1772, to the Bristol academy, then under the care of Messrs. Hugh and Caleb Evans. Of his conduct in this situation, it is sufficient to say, that it procured him the esteem of his tutors to the end of their lives.

In 1774 he left the academy, and after stopping a short time at different places, in July 1775, he came to Olney. It was in the spring of the following year, when the association was held at Olney, that my acquaintance with him commenced; and from that day to this all that I have known of him has tended to endear him to me.

He had a largeness of heart that led him to expect much from the promises of God to the church in the latter days. *It was on his motion, I believe, that the association at Nottingham, in the spring of 1784, a-*

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agreed to set apart an hour on the evening of the first Monday in every month for social prayer for the success of the gospel, and to invite christians of other denominations to unite with them in it.

In all the conversations between the year 1787 and 1792, which led on to the formation of the *Baptist Missionary Society*, and in all the meetings for fasting and prayer, both before and after it was formed, he bore a part. In 1789 he republished President Edwards's *Humble Attempt to promote Explicit Agreement and Visible Union of God's People in Extraordinary Prayer for the Revival of Religion*. How much this publication contributed to that tone of feeling which in the end determined five or six individuals to venture, tho' with many fears and misgivings, on an undertaking of such magnitude, I cannot say; but it doubtless had a very considerable influence on it.

It April, 1791, there was a double lecture at Clipstone, and both the sermons, one of which was delivered by brother Sutcliff, bore upon the meditated mission to the heathen. His subject was, *Jealousy for God*, from 1 Kings xix. 10. After public worship, Mr. Carey, perceiving the impression that the sermon had made, entreated that something might be resolved on before we parted. Nothing, however, was done, but to request brother Carey to revise and print his *Inquiry into*

the Obligations of Christians to use Means for the Conversion of the Heathens. The sermons also were printed at the request of those who heard them.

From the formation of the Society in the autumn of 1792, to the day of his death, our brother's heart and hands have been in the work. On all occasions, and in every way, he was ready to assist to the utmost of his power.

In 1796 he married miss Jane Johnson, who was previously a member of his church. This connexion appears to have added much to his comfort. For eighteen years they lived together as fellow helpers to each other in the ways of God; and their separation has been but short. The tomb that received his remains has since been opened to receive her's. He died on the 22d of June, and she on the 3d of Sept. following, possessing the same good hope, through grace, which supported him.—A sermon was preached at her interment, by Mr. Geard of Hitchen, from Romans v. 2.—“By whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope in the glory of God.”

Mr. Sutcliff had been in a declining state of health for several years past. On the 3d of March, being on a visit to London, he was seized, about the middle of the night, with a violent pain across his breast and arms, attended with great difficulty of breathing. This was succeeded by a dropsy, which

in about three months issued in his death.

Two or three times during his affliction I rode over to see him. The first time he had thoughts of recovering ; but whatever were his thoughts as to this, it seemed to make no difference as to his peace of mind. The last time I visited him was in my way to the annual meeting in London, on the 19th of June. Expecting to see his face no more, I said on taking leave, "I wish you, my dear brother, an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ!" At this he hesitated ; not as doubting his entrance into the kingdom, but as questioning whether the term abundant were applicable to him. "That," said he, "is more than I expect. I think I understand the connexion and import of those words—Add to your faith virtue—give diligence to make your calling an election sure—for so an entrance shall be ministered unto you *abundantly*—I think the idea is that of a ship coming into harbour, with a fair gale, and a full tide—If I may but reach the heavenly shore, though it be on a board or broken piece of the ship, I shall be satisfied."

The following letter received from his brother, Mr. Daniel Sutcliff, who was with him the last month, will furnish a more particular account of the state of his mind, than I am able to give from my own knowledge.

"From the commencement

of his illness I found by his letters that his mind was in general calm and peaceful. 'All,' said he, 'is in the hands of a wise and gracious God. We are the Lord's servants, and he has a right to dispose of us as he pleases, and to lay us aside at any time.' Nearly a month before his end I went to see him—to 'see the chamber where the good man dies.'

"His mind was generally calm and happy ; though as to strong consolation he said he had it not. When something was mentioned of what he had done in promoting the cause of Christ, he replied with emotion, 'I look upon it all as nothing : I must enter Heaven on the same footing as the converted thief, and shall be glad to take a seat by his side.'

"His evidence for heaven, he said, were a consciousness that he had come to Jesus ; and that he felt a union of heart with him, his people, and his cause ; and Jesus had said, *Where I am, there shall my friends be.*—The heaven that he hoped for, and which he had in no small degree anticipated, was, union and communion with Christ and his people. He said, 'The idea of being forever separated from him appears to me more dreadful than being plunged into nonexistence, or than the greatest possible torture.'

"He often intimated that his views of divine things were far more vivid and impressive than they had ever been before. He had a greater sense of the de-

pravity of the human heart and of the exceeding sinfulness of sin as consisting in disaffection to the character and government of God, than at any former period of his life. He had, he said, an inexpressibly greater sense of the importance of ministers having correct views of the import of the gospel message, and of their stating and urging the same on their hearers, than he had ever had before. He was ready to think if he could communicate his present views and feelings, they must produce a much greater effect than his preaching had ordinarily done. 'If I were able to preach again,' said he, 'I should say things that I never said before—But God has no need of me: he can raise up men to say them better than I could say them.' He would sometimes say, 'Ministers will never do much good till they begin to *pull sinners out of the fire!*'

"To Mrs. Sutcliff he said, 'My love, I commit you to Jesus. I can trust you with him. Our separation will not be long; and I think I shall often be with you. Read frequently the book of Psalms, and be much in prayer. I am sorry I have not spent more time in prayer.' At another time he said, 'I wish I had conversed more with the divine promises: I believe I should have found the advantage of it now.' Others of his expressions were, 'Flesh and heart fail—All the powers of body and mind are going to pieces—' Shortly this prison of

my clay, must be dissolved and fall'—Why is his chariot so long a coming? I go to Jesus: let me go—depart in peace—I have seen thy salvation.'

"A day or two before he died, he said, 'If any thing be said of me, let the last word be, As I have loved you, see that ye love one another.'

"On the 22d of June, about five in the afternoon, an alteration took place: he began to throw up blood. On perceiving this, he said, 'It is all over: this cannot be borne long.' Mr. Welsh of Newbury being present, said, 'you are prepared for the issue.' He replied, 'I think I am: go and pray for me.' About half an hour before his departure, he said, 'Lord Jesus receive my spirit—It is come—perhaps a few minutes more—heart and flesh fail—but God—That God is the strength of his people is a truth that I now see as I never saw it in my life.' These were the last words he could be heard to speak.

"Life take thy chance; but, O, for such a death!"

Mr. Daniel Sutcliff adds the following lines, as having been frequently repeated in his illness.

We walk a narrow path, and rough,
And we are tired and weak;
But soon we shall have rest enough,
In those blest courts we seek.

Soon in the chariot of a cloud,
By flaming angels borne,
I shall mount up the milky way,
And back to God return.

I have tasted Canaan's grapes,
And now I long to go,
To where my lord his vineyard keeps,
And where the clusters grow.

In saying a few things relative to his character, talents, temper, &c. I would not knowingly deviate in the smallest degree from truth. He possessed the three cardinal virtues, integrity, benevolence, and prudence, in no ordinary degree. To state this is proof sufficient to every one who knew him. He was economical, for the sake of enabling himself to give to them that needed. The cause of God lay near his heart. He denied himself of many things, that he might contribute towards promoting it. It was from a willingness to instruct his younger brethren whose minds were towards the mission, that at the request of the Society he took several of them under his care; and in all that he has done for them and others, I am persuaded that he saved nothing; but gave his time and talents for the public good.

I have heard him sigh under troubles; but never remember to have seen him weep but for joy, or from sympathy. On his reading or hearing the communications from the East, containing accounts of the success of the gospel, the tears would flow freely from his eyes.

His talents were less splendid than useful. He had not much brilliancy of imagination, but considerable strength of mind, with a judgment greatly improved by application. It was once remarked of him in my hearing, by a person that had known him from his youth, to this effect—'That man is an ex-

ample of what may be accomplished by diligence and perseverance. When young he was no more than the rest of us; but by reading and thinking he has accumulated a stock of mental riches which few of us possess.' He would not very frequently surprise us with new or original thoughts; but neither would he shock us with any thing devious from truth or good sense.—Good Mr. Hall of Arnsby, having heard him soon after his coming to Olney, said familiarly to me, 'brother Sutcliff is a safe man: you never need fear he will say or do an improper thing.'

He particularly excelled in practical judgment. When a question of this nature came before him, he would take a comprehensive view of its bearings, and form his opinion with so much precision as seldom to have occasion to change it.—His thoughts on these occasions were prompt, but he was slow in uttering them. He generally took time to turn the subject over, and to digest his answer.—If he saw others too hasty for coming to decision, he would pleasantly say, "Let us consult the town-clerk of Ephesus, and do nothing rashly." I have thought for many years, that amongst our ministers, Abraham Booth was the first counsellor, and John Sutcliff the second. His advice in conducting the mission was of great importance, and the loss of it must be seriously felt.

It has been said that his tem-

per was naturally irritable, and that he with difficulty bore opposition : yet that such was the overbearing influence of religion in his heart, that few were aware of it. If it were so, he must have furnished a rare example of the truth of the wise man's remark, "Better is he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city." Whatever might have been his natural temper, it is certain that mildness and patience and gentleness were prominent features in his character. One of the students who was with him, said he never saw him lose his temper but once, and then he immediately retired into his study.—It was observed by one of his brethren in the ministry, at an association, that the promise of Christ, that they who learned of him who was meek and lowly in heart should find rest unto their souls, was more extensively fulfilled in Mr. Sutcliff than in most christians. He was "swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath." Thus it was that he exemplified the exhortation of the apostle, "Giving no offence, that the ministry be not blamed."

There was a gentleness in his reproofs that distinguished them. He would rather put the question for consideration, than make a direct attack upon any principle or practice. I have heard him repeat Mr. Henry's note on Prov. xxv. 15, with approbation—"We say, hard words break no bones ; but it seems that soft ones do." A

flint may be broken on a cushion, when no impression could be made on it upon an unyielding substance. A young man, who came to be under his care, discovering a considerable proportion of self-sufficiency, he gave him a book to read on self-knowledge.

He is said never to have hastily formed his friendships and acquaintances, and therefore rarely had reason to repent of his connexions ; while every year's continued intimacy drew them nearer to him ; so that he seldom lost his friends—but his friends have lost him !

He had a great thirst for reading, which not only led him to accumulate one of the best libraries in this part of the country, but to endeavor to draw his people into a habit of reading.

Allowing for a partiality common to men, his judgment of characters was generally correct. Nor was it less candid than correct : he appreciated the good, and if required to speak of the evil, it was with reluctance. His eye was a faithful index to his mind ; penetrating, but benignant. His character had much of the decisive, without any thing conceited or overbearing.

In his person he was above the ordinary stature, being nearly six feet high. In the earlier stages of life he was thin ; but during the last twenty years he

gathered flesh, though never so much as to feel it any inconvenience to him. His countenance was grave, but cheerful; and his company always interesting.

The Real Philosopher.

What bands of black diseases spread their wings,

The peaceful regions of content invade :
With deadly poison taint the chrystal springs ;

With noisome vapour blast the verdant shade.

In the suburbs of St. Marcel, where poverty reigns, a spotted fever cut down the people in hundreds.

The confessors labored night and day ; the arms of the grave diggers failed ; the hearse rolled from door to door, and was never empty. A re-inforcement of priests were called to assist the dying. A venerable capuchin entered a low hovel, where one of the victims of contagion suffered ; an old man in dirty rags lay dying—A bundle of straw served him for a covering and a pillow. Not a moveable, not a chair was in the house—he had sold all during his first days of sickness for a little broth—and on his naked wall hung an axe and a saw.

This was his whole possession except the strength of his arms, which he was not able to lift up.

“Take courage, my friend, (said the Confessor) it is a great blessing God bestows on you to-day ; you are going to depart from a world where you know nothing but misery.”

“But misery ! (replied the dy-

ing man with a feeble voice ; you are mistaken ; I have lived contented and never complained of my lot. I never knew hatred or envy.—My sleep was tranquil. I laboured in the day, but I rested at night.—The instruments which you see, procured me bread, which I eat with pleasure. I never envied the table of the rich—I have observed the rich to be more subject to disease than their neighbors. I was always poor, but I never was sick until now. If I recover health, which I do not expect, I will return to labour, and continue to bless the hand of God which has hitherto sustained me.” The astonished comforter knew not what tone to take ; he could not reconcile the miserable thatch with the language of him who lay on it—recovering himself he said, “my son, though this life has not been unpleasant to you, you must nevertheless resolve to quit it ; for we owe submission to God’s will.

“Without doubt,” replied the dying man, with a firm tone of voice and composed countenance, “all the world must pass in their turn. I have known how to live ; I know how to die. I thank God for giving me life, and conducting me thro’ it to himself. I feel the moment approach—Adieu, my father.”—This is the death bed of a pious christian.

*A Papist converted by reading
the Bible.*

FROM THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

A Clergyman in the south of Ireland was called on to go and see a child in a popish cottage, that had fallen into the fire, and was badly burned.* Walking about the cottage while they were undressing the child, he heard a muttering noise in one of the bed rooms, and looking in, he perceived an old man sitting up in bed, praying most fervently; but took no more notice of him, as the old Papists are much in the habit of this.— Calling another day to see the child,—while he was dressing her, which took up much time, as there were many different sores, the old man, who was blind, groped his way to the fire-place, and set down. The Clergyman had heard that he was between 90 100 years of age, and addressed him by remarking that he was a very old man. He answered, “Aye;” and after a short pause, he said, it is well for me that I have lived to be old; but (with a low voice) it was bad for Solomon.” The Clergyman asked him what reason he had to say that. He answered, “if Solomon had died when he was young, he would have been one of the greatest men in the world;—but if I had died when I was young, I should have gone to hell. Solomon lived to dis-

grace himself; I have lived to obtain glory.” Being asked what reason he had to hope for glory, or on what that hope was built,—he answered, “on the love of God my Saviour; for says he) when I think that the Lord Jesus Christ died; that he shed his precious blood on the cross for sinners, I am astonished that any one can perish. Oh that blood! that blood! sure it would wash away the sins of millions of worlds; but God has said that some would perish; and I must believe God.”

Being asked what reason he had to think he had an interest in Christ, and was accepted through his blood, he answered, he was sure of it; he felt it in his heart, he knew that no person that called upon Jesus Christ, and depended upon his blood would be lost. He was then asked how he came by this knowledge; he answered, “through the Holy Ghost, to be sure; it is the Holy Ghost has done all for me; I know it is the Holy Ghost; though some people, and learned people, (meaning the priest and his landlord) would persuade me that the Holy Ghost did not do such things now; and I often told them, that if he did not, we must all perish in hell; for we never could either turn from our sins or love God, if he did not incline our hearts; and that I never would give up to any man, let him be whom he may, that it is the Holy Ghost alone that made me know the love of

* This Clergyman was in the habit of affording medical aid to his poor neighbors.

God, or can make any man, or Christ. Speaking one day to him on Peters walking on the water, the clergyman remarked, "can do any good in us."

He was then asked whether he had heard any person speak of those things ; he said, no.— Then how he came to the knowledge of the Bible-texts which he had quoted. He said, that about five years before, having become blind and desiring to prepare his soul, he caused a grand child of his, that could read, to procure a Bible, which he read to him constantly ; and that through reading the Bible, the Lord opened his heart, and made him feel his love ; and then broke out into many expressions of praise.

Being afterwards asked, whether he put any trust in his Church, he said, no ; he trusted in nothing but Jesus Christ : what other trust had he ? that surely this was sufficient. As this conversation was often interrupted by the dressing of the child, it was observed that he was much in prayer during the intervals ; and in many conversations that were afterwards held with him on this subject, he always appeared much engaged in prayer ; and never was observed an instant, except when speaking or listening, that he was not muttering prayer or praise.

As the clergyman had some opportunities of seeing him afterwards, in every conversation with him he found that he evinced the most confirmed faith, in, and a clear view of, the fullness and sufficiency of the atonement, and the free mercy of God in

him on Peters walking on the water, the clergyman remarked, that the moment he doubted, he sunk ; the old man was then leaning on his crutch ; and raising it up & striking the ground, he cried out, " and the moment we now doubt we sink. Why should we doubt ? Is not God love ? Is not Christ love ?— Was he not love upon the earth ? and surely he has not less love now. Yes, sir, I told that to a man, who said to me he had admitted sinners upon the earth, for he was then humbled in our flesh ; but now he is in glory, we cannot go so freely to him. What ! said I, Christ lessen in love or mercy to sinners ? No : if he increases in any thing, it is in mercy ; I think his love is greater and greater every day ;"—and then broke out in much praise, when he was constantly doing in all his conversations ; while his countenance shewed more happiness and delight in the hope he possessed, than seemed possible in so old a man.

Some months after the clergyman first met with him, it pleased God to restore him again to his sight and strength ; so that he was able to see, and walk as upright as ever he did. He then went constantly about to his neighbors, praying them to turn to God, and seek the mercy he offered in Christ Jesus ; he used also constantly to tell the priest that he did not preach the gospel and one day told him so at the altar, and that

he always representing God as a severe and terrible God,—whom the people might be afraid to approach; while he never told them how full of love that God was, what mercy he was willing to show, and how sufficient the blood of Christ was to wash away all sins. He likewise continually reproached the priest with denying the special operation of the Holy Ghost, in order to turn a man to God, change his heart, and enable him to believe on his Son Jesus Christ; and from the manner he constantly spoke of the operations of the Holy Ghost, and joy and peace he constantly felt, it is to be supposed that he must have enjoyed much of the fellowship of the Spirit, and much communion with God.

In his conversations he seemed to have a very great knowledge of the Bible, and used to quote the promises and passages that spoke of the tender mercies of God, and make remarks—which shewed that he was truly taught of God: and when it is considered that this man never had any intercourse with any person that knew even the first principles of the gospel, living in a retired place, and entirely surrounded by Papists, and five years before had not an idea of religion: that he was brought to this light and knowledge at the age of 30, or more years, it magnifies truly the mercies of God and the power of grace, and shows the necessity of sending the word of life, through the circulation of the

Bible, to the children of God which are scattered in the land of darkness, that they may be gathered to the Shepherd and Bishop of their souls, and be enabled here to feed on the pastures of life, and rejoice in the view of the fullness of him who is their living head, and in the sweet words of peace and eternal life he speaks through his word.

A few pious Clergymen, who have seen this man, found his spiritual knowledge far above what was described to them; and had reason to praise God in him for his wonderful works.

He died in about a year and a half after the clergyman first met him; who regretted much that his distance from him, and other engagements, prevented his having many conversations with him, and an opportunity of bringing him to hear the gospel preached, which he purposed; but the Lord, when he left him long enough to be a witness among the people, took him to join the song of the redeemed.

THE MISER.

The following beautiful Allegory is extracted from Mr. Knapp's Oration, delivered before the Merrimac Humane Society, Newburyport.

“Charity in walking her rounds of duty met a rich, but hard-hearted man who had that day, made thousands by a successful speculation, she asked of him a little portion of his great wealth to assist her in sof-

tening the woes of human life ; scarcely escaped his lips when she pointed to a hospital full of the boat dashed against a rock ; maniacs under her care ; the ravings of madness, and wailings of despair pierced the air around them, but they did not enter his marble bosom. She next directed his attention to a hovel, in which was seated an old man, broken with misfortunes, and bowed down with years ; he was wringing the cold dews of the night from his matted and silvered hair ; mark him, says Charity, he is an aged patriot, who has thrice served his country, a Bellisarius driven from his home by a faction, and obliged to beg his bread and wander in exile ; look at his tears how eloquently they plead his cause ; the monster despised the patriot's worth.

"She then showed him an orphan band, and described with pity's fervor, their constant sufferings and their deceased parent's virtue : he listened, but his adamant breast would not receive the holy influence of Charity, but she in pity to the wretch was unwilling to leave him and entreated him to give her something for a life boat to float on the river which rolled rapidly by them ; she mentioned the frequent fate of unhappy travellers plunged in the waves ; at that instant, a youth full of gaiety, was seen in the current managing with careless and ignorant hand the skiff which bore him. Charity noticed his danger, & the churl saw and exclaimed Great God ; my only son. The words had

scarcely escaped his lips when the boat dashed against a rock ; the youth bore up against his fate awhile but charity could not relieve him, for she had no means and he sunk forever.—

The angel of Mercy had spread his wings to bring succor, but Eternal Justice forbade his flight ; for the register of heaven did not contain a record of any good deed of the father, nor was there any prayer nor any blessings for his welfare written in the book of life. He wandered wild and insane until Charity, unmindful of her wrongs led him to her hospital of maniacs, and begged the bread for his support ; for strangers had seized on his possessions and aliens devoured his substance."

— — —
*From the Republican and
Yeoman.*

SUICIDE.

The frequent instances of suicide with which the columns of our newspapers have been recently filled, must elicit, from the man of sensibility, the most poignant regret for the stupidity and depravity of human nature. Dark and desperate indeed must be that mind, which can deliberately form and execute a resolution, to butcher and destroy its own tenement.

Life, originally the gift to man of a righteous, of an infinite God, should be regarded by its possessor as a circle within which preparation must be made for a never ending eternity.— How horrid, then, is the wanton and worse than brutal vio-

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Given him as a blessing, for his
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no beneficence of his creator is
entitled to a higher regard than
life. But dissatisfied with the
boundary which his Maker has
set to his existence, he rushes
into his presence uncalled, and
impiously usurps the majesty of
heaven. Gracious God! from
what baleful passions of the hu-
man heart does such infatuation
proceed? Forbidden by the
laws of reason and of nature—
and attended in this world by
the most blood-chilling, disas-
trous, and disgraceful conse-
quences. Yet are we almost
weekly agonized by public an-
nunciations of self-murder. But
this most unnatural and shock-
ing of all crimes has its pallia-
tors: its advocates averring, that
insanity is the invariable cause,
and that no culpability can at-
tach, when the mental powers
have become disorganized, or
extinct. This reasoning might
be correct, if the fact upon
which it is predicated was true.
But in three cases out of four
the person committing suicide
is not even suspected of the
least indisposition, until the fa-
tal stroke is struck. Coolness,
candour and deliberation often
mark the conduct of the self-
murderer immediately antec-
edent to his exit. Derange the
mind, or destroy its powers of
combination and abstraction, and
every action, yea, every feature
of the body will indicate not on-
ly the nature, but many times
the degree of the malady by

which it is afflicted. Hence the
manifest error of the remark,
that insanity is the invariable
cause of suicide: for candour,
circumspection and deliberation
can never result from the irre-
gular or deranged operation of
a mind acted upon by any
known agent in nature. No;
it is a rash, a passionate, an un-
advised, and a wicked determin-
ation to exchange this life, with
its pleasures and its pains, for
an unknown something beyond
the grave. It may be some-
times committed out of a mere
curiosity to behold the things
of another world—to penetrate
the dark mysteries of futurity
and sacrilegiously risk the
mighty change. Though it is a
common remark, that the very
act of suicide is an evidence of
insanity—yet the reverse is pro-
bably true. For does not every
circumstance generally attend-
ant on the deed, evince correct
reasoning?—Are not the lead,
the knife and the halter, alter-
nately selected as the instru-
ments, best fitted for their de-
struction? would not the most
judicious executioner, enforcing
the sentence of the law, the
mode of death being at his op-
tion, select one or the other of
these *instruments* as the best
adapted to his purpose?

Is not the same judgment ex-
ercised by the self murderer, in
the application of the instrument
when selected, as was exhibited
in his selection of the same?—
Does it not generally apply
the instrument to those parts of
his body, which are the seat of

that life, that he had predetermined to destroy?

If under the influence of insanity, why not chop or disfigure the body in any part, which might casually come in contact with the knife? Why not hang himself by the heels as soon as by the neck if that mind is so deranged and its powers of reasoning so distracted or destroyed, that they are not susceptible of any rational, or methodical exercise? Are not the instances few, very few indeed, in which this crime is committed, unless by the most easy, as well as by the most effectual and direct means—means which the most judicious would select for the purpose of destruction, if left to the free and unbiassed exercise of their own understandings?

If this act is evidence of insanity who not, by a parity of reasoning, every other crime committed in society? Why are not the regicide, the fratricide, the robber and the thief, with equal propriety, pronounced insane, if the rash acts which they commit are evidences of insanity?

That this crime, therefore, does generally proceed from an undue preponderance of the basest passions of the human heart, over our better reason—or thro' a culpable indulgence of them, is a fact not to be denied.— Sometimes, through fears, or a destitution of courage sufficient to breast the shock of adversity which is incident to mortals, they surrender their lives, by self-immolation upon the altar

of a dastardly temerity. But, whatever the passion that prompts to this crime, it is generally one which has been pampered and culpably cherished by its victim, for years preceeding the fatal deed. Hence the criminality, in part, of suffering a passion, through a culpable indulgence, to become ungovernable, while in the frenzy of its exercise, the ignominious blow is struck. For, guilty indeed is every man, who does not use the powers and faculties of his body and mind, according to the dictates of his best judgement, and his guilt increases in proportion to the frequency and distance, that he overleaps the bounds of reason and of prudence. Drunkenness is no extenuation of a crime. For although the act of the drunken man, however criminal it may be in itself, proceeds from a sort of derangement—yet his criminality consists principally, in using to excess the means of intoxication. For, had he not, with his eyes open, deprived himself of reason—but that deprivation had become consequent upon some visitation of God, then he would not have been guilty. But since he has sinned with understanding, he shall not be allowed to plead that sin in extenuation of another, which was occasioned thereby. For the same crime, therefore, the law very justly subjects to the same punishment, the drunken and the sober man. Hence in the undue indulgence of the passions principally con-

sists the criminality of self-murder. Like every other crime it consists in a temporary abandonment of our prudence and reflection, to the gratification of some sordid or some inflamed passion which diminishes the pleasures and augments the miseries of this life. To escape, therefore, the whirl-pool into which we are liable to be precipitated, through an inordinate and corrupt indulgence of the passions, how imperious the necessity of habitually subjugating them. For while in due subordination to reason, like fire, they are useful and necessary servants. Yet, give them the ascendancy, and they are the hardest, the most infuriated, and despotic of masters.

AMICUS HUMANITATIS.

Love of the Father.

Historians mention a poor family in Germany, who were in danger of perishing during the prevalence of an alarming famine. In the anguish of his heart the father proposed to his wife, that one of their children should be sold for a little bread. The wife, after long hesitation, reluctantly consented. But here a difficulty offered they knew not how to surmount; which shall they part with? not the eldest, he was their first born—not the second, he was the exact image of his father—not the third, her every feature was her mother's—and, oh! by no means the fourth—he was the youngest, and the darling of their declining age. They resolved

they would perish together rather than be separated. And did affection, hesitate?—thus resolve? How boundless the love of our heavenly Father, who gave His dearly beloved, His only begotten Son, freely for us all—that with Him also he might freely give us all things!

Execution of Hamilton.

The murderer of Maj. Birdsall.

James Hamilton has expiated his crime upon the scaffold. Before his execution he addressed the spectators as follows: "My friends, I have but little to say to you; I acknowledge the justice of the law, and the conduct of the civil officers in executing me for the crime I have committed I am ready to die; I die in peace with the whole world. I am perfectly happy. I cannot express my happiness, so I bid you all farewell." His manner, while speaking, is said to have been mild and affectionate. He took a feeling farewell of Mr. Stansbury, Mr. Cumming, the Sheriff, and some other friends, and drew the cap over his face—shutting the light of earth from his view, as he thought forever. But the wisdom of Providence ordered otherwise.

The fatal rope refused its office; stranded, and let poor Hamilton to the ground! Here the situation of the unfortunate man was indescribable; and here his firm and steadfast soul looked unmoved upon a scene

to humanity. Here his manly fortitude and Christian resignation excited anguished sympathy from every human heart.

He rose, examined a second rope, ascended with the same unruffled calmness—the same meek and humble resignation—the same complacent countenance: assisted the sheriff in adjusting the rope, replaced his cap, and waited without a shadow of terror for the moment which ushered him into an eternity! [Register.

THANKSGIVING.

Pen-yon, Ontario County, Nov. 3.

Autumn with all its beauty has again spread her prolific wings; visited the sons of mortality, and shed around them her richest munificence. The evening of the year laden with blessings of joy, plenty and peace, should be hailed with rapture, thanksgiving and praise.

"Hail blest report" from Hudson's shores

A *Thank Oblation* spread to heaven,
And, onward, where Niagara roars,

High honors to the Lamb are given!

Lo, see the pious rites extend!

By our forefathers long revered;

In *Spring*, imploring prayers ascend—

In *Autumn*, Thanks & Praise are heard.

And long may heavenly science reign,

And public piety expand!

Improving all this vast domain—

Fair tokens of a righteous land!

For Heaven, with kind complacent eye,

The works of Love & Peace surveys;

And our *Immanuel* on high

Delights in purity and praise.

Let humble love, and mercy join,

And *faith* and *works* go hand in hand; and sighing shall flee away."

May *liberal zeal* with *truth* combine,
And *heavenly charity* expand!

Nor may one idle thought invade

The blissful scene, so dear to Heaven;

Or spread a cold ungrateful shade,

O'er all the precious mercies given.

Hail *moral ties*! Religion mild!

Come heal the wounds of sin & strife;

Restore the vile, reclaim the wild,

And purify the streams of life.

From the Franklin Gazette.

MISSION TO JERUSALEM.

"A Mission is about to be sent to Jerusalem.—After ages of darkness, the light of the gospel is soon to re-illuminate the shores of Palestine."

Long hath the Crescent's glittering sign

On *Salem's* temple shone;

Long hath Jehovah's awful shrine

Stood desolate and alone.

The tents of Midian tribes unblest

On *Shinah's* plains have spread,

The wanderer's foot hath rudely prest

The soil where Jesus bled!

But *Shiloh* comes!—to bless the land,

And *Israel's* tribes restore;

Lo *Edom*, with *Assyria's* band,

On *Cadoury*, shall adore!

Fair *Lebanon* shall hear his voice,

And land where *Jordon* flows,

With *Sharon's* desert shall rejoice

And blossom with the rose.*

No more shall *Zion's* daughter mourn,

Nor captive *Judah* sigh,

Jehovah shall her walls adorn

And bring his ransom'd night.†

* Isaiah xxxv. 1.

† Isaiah xxxv. 10.—"And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs; and sorrow